

Weight of the Soul

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Summary: Kit, a girl with a strong affinity to spirits ends up getting a job at the famous Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. But what will she do when she walks in and sees spirits in place of the animatronics?

1. Introduction

Kit was 19 when her family moved to a small town seemingly in the middle of nowhere. She was fresh out of highschool and her dad got a job offer, so her parents thought it was the perfect time to up and move the family. It didn't matter what her opinion was though. Not like she cared anyway, Kit didn't have any friends back home. They all thought the quiet girl who talked to herself when alone was too weird and shunned her. They didn't know she spoke to ghosts, and it probably wouldn't have changed their opinions.

Kit had always had an affinity to see spirits. Whether she was just walking down the street or actually somewhere 'haunted', the spirits just clung to her. Sometimes she would almost mistake one for being alive until someone would walk right through them. Not all the time though. Most spirits would just be small sprites, no bigger than a beagle. That's what happened when they forgot who they were. Eventually all ghosts would end up that way if they failed to succeed in their purpose for not moving on.

If Kit came upon those still holding onto their human form, she would go to them. She would find out their last wish and help them succeed and move on. It sort of became a hobby for her. Plus she didn't need anymore sprites hanging around her. Although they don't actually weigh anything, having 20 or so spirits clinging to you can really weigh your own soul down.

Imagine her surprise when she walked into her new job and was knocked unbalanced by the pressure she felt. The weight was almost too much for her to stand. All around her, spirits swirled through the air.

What shocked her the most was when she turned her head to the main attraction.

There on stage where the four animatronics should be standing, were four spirits; all singing and dancing as if they belonged thereâ€|

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><p>***Hey guys! So this is a new story idea I had and wanted present the basic idea before I got too into it. What do you guys think? Interested?***<p>

2. Chapter 1

The clock struck 7 and an alarm began blaring; it's piercing sound filling the small bedroom. With a long and tired groan, an arm slipped itself out from under the covers and reached blindly for the infernal clock. Only after knocking off every other item on the bedside table did the person succeed in snoozing thee alarm. Satisfied, the arm retreated back under the covers and a pleasant sigh escaped the lips of the bed's occupant.

Murmurs filled the room as the occupant cuddled back into a comfortable spot. The blaring alarm that woke her momentarily woke the restless spirits that hung around her as well.

"_Wake upâ€|_"

"_Wake upâ€|_"

Soft voices whispered to the sleeping person, yet they didn't budge

"_Wake upâ€|_"

"_Wake upâ€|_"

When their words went unheard once more, the spirits floated over; gathering atop the sleeping form and repeating themselves once more.

"_Wake upâ€|_"

A groan once more escaped from beneath the sheets before the person shot up abruptly, flinging the spirits off and around the room "Get off!" Then person, now revealed as a young girl, glared at them all and flung her pillows. "Why can't you ever let me sleep in?"

The pillows passed harmlessly through the apparitions, their gaze unwavering from the girl

"_Workâ€|_"

"_Today's the dayâ€|_"

Sighing at the vague speech of the spirits, she forced herself from the bed and over to her dresser. Rummaging through the drawers, she pulled a set of clothes out and headed for the bathroom to prepare for the day.

She turned the shower on and began stripping herself of her nightshirt and looked at herself in the mirror. A round face stared back at her, with short and messy red dyed hair standing on end. Her eyes looked tired and a yawn that slipped out proved the fact. Sighing once more, she discarded her underwear into the hamper beside the sink and stepped into the shower.

The heat and steam put her at ease and she began to relax, releasing the tension in her muscles. She smiled and closed her eyes, letting the water run down her. She was at peace, but only for a moment. Feeling the pressure of a spirit, her eyes shot open and she peeked her head out from the shower curtain.

Floating above the sink was one of the spirits that clung to her. If her senses were right, it was once a boy and she immediately felt exposed "GET OUT!"

The small ghost turned to regard her abruptly, seemingly confused

"Can't I get any privacy!" She threw a bar of soap at the thing, aware it would pass through but did so regardless.

A knock sounded at the door "Kit sweetie? Is everything ok?"

The girl, now revealed as Kit, turned her attention to the door "Everything's fine mom. Just the usual problem"

"Alright honeyâ€¦" Her mother stepped away from the door and frowned to herself. Her daughter needed help. As far as she was concerned, ghosts didn't exist and she worried greatly for Kit. "Maybe if she can make some friends here she'll stop imagining these thingsâ€¦" With a sigh, she retreated from the bathroom and returned to her work

Kit sighed and glared at the offending spirit "Out."

Before it could leave on its own, 3 more phased through the door and dragged him out; aware of Kit's rule of privacy.

Alone once again, she finished her shower- now less relaxed then before- and turned the water off. She quickly dried herself off and began redressing.

She slipped on a new set of underwear and pulled on a pair of black skinny jeans. She then proceeded to pull on her shirt, frowning when she realized what it was. She had grabbed a gray top, unaware of the low v neck. It revealed quite a deal of cleavage. It didn't help that she was quite well endowed, one of the only things she got from her mother. But regardless, it definitely wasn't appropriate for her job.

After making a quick stop into her room to switch tops, Kit headed downstairs. About 10 little spirits floated after her, the weaker ones clinging to her as she went. "Bye mom! I'm headed out for the day. I'll be back around 6 tonight"

Her mother peeked out from inside the kitchen "Alright Kit. Hope you enjoy the job!"

Kit smiled and grabbed her keys from the doorway and promptly exited the house. She climbed into the car, the ghosts loading into the back seat and pulled away.

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><p>One 30 minute car ride later, Kit found herself pulling into the busy parking lot of her new job. Parking in the space as close as she could get, she exited the vehicle and looked up at the building. A large sign was posted on the roof:<p>

'Freddy Fazbear's Pizza'

A play place where animatronic animals sang and danced for the children.

Smiling, she stepped into the establishment. The moment she was fully inside though, she could barely breath. Floating all throughout the building were dozens of lost souls. The pressure they exerted was almost too much for her to bear and she nearly collapsed. With a sharp gasp, she steadied herself; ignoring the curious looks from patrons that saw her walk in.

How could a place of such fun be filled with so much darkness. Calming herself, she felt a strong supernatural pull to her right. Glancing over she saw a stage. It's curtains were closed, but children sat before it excitedly. A show must be about to start. Sure enough, the start of music began to fill the room and the curtains began to open.

Kit's jaw nearly dropped when the curtains pulled aside. There, standing in place of the animatronics were 3 spirits. They were singing and dancing as if it was what they were meant to do. And all of them...appeared as humans.

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><p>***so since i got support for the story, here's the full extended lat chapter of Weight of the Soul. Hope you enjoy!***<p>

End
file.